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## A Bill of Fare:

For, A Saturday nights Supper, A Sunday morning Breakfast, and  
A Munday Dinner, Described in a pleasant new merry Dittie.

To the tune of Cooke Laurell, or, Michaelsmas Terme.



I tell you a Jest, which you'll hardly beleene:  
No matter for that, you shall hear't right as we sing,  
A hungry appetite may perhaps giue us,  
To heare such a Banquet set forth in a Song,  
He rather would haue it then heare on't he'l say,  
But I cannot promise him such a faire sight;  
All that I can doe, is with words to display,  
What we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Inprimis, foure Fancies, two boyld, and two roast,  
A large dish of Endimions (good for one's eyne)  
Our Pelican Chickens as hote as a toast,  
And six Birds of Paradise, hane meat I thinke,  
A couple of Pheas, a Cocke and a Hen,  
That late from Arabia had tane their flight.  
I thinke such a Banquet was ne're made for men,  
As we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Two paire of Elephants Petticoates boyld,  
A Greene Dragon Spitchcock (an excellent dish)  
One mente by the Cooke was like to be spott'd,  
And yet by good hap 'twas to every one a toff:  
It was a Xenoceros boyld in Alegant,  
To all who did take it, gave great delight:  
Iudge whether we hane not occasion to haunt  
Of this our rare Supper on Saturday night.

A Calues head was roast with a pudding i'th belly,  
(Of which all the women did heartily see)  
A dish of Irish Harts hannes boyld to a Jolly,  
(Which most men esteem'd as a good dish indeed)

I had almost forgotten to name a fowle's Dole,  
Brought by to the Waller o'th feast as his right,  
He lou'd it he said above all other fowle,  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

The next in due course was foure golden Doylmes,  
Crutly dissolved through a Wyndcocks bill, (chuse)  
Six Camellions in greene-sauce (Walds commonly)  
This dish every day if they may haue their will,  
The chine of a Lyon, the haunch of a Beare,  
Well larded with Blinckstone and Quencher bright:  
Iudge Gentlemen, was not this excellent cheere,  
That we had to Supper on Saturday night.

A whole Boyle lobst after the Russian manner,  
Twelve Pigs of a strange Capadocian Bitch,  
Six dozen of Estridges rost, (which a Tanner  
Did lend out of Asia by an old Gutch)  
A Leg of an Eagle carbonadoed (in know)  
The Pinck of a Champeille Kew's till it was white,  
And thus in particular I let you know,  
What we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Then came in an Ell of a Jackanapes talle,  
Sern'd in upon hippits as dainty as may be:  
What is a dainty, which rather then saile,  
Sight well seeme to feast an Arabian Lady:  
Twelve spales were sern'd in the Well of a Whym,  
And cause it was meat that was held very light,  
They had for their sauce a salt pickled Pimper,  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

45. 6. 28. 120.

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The second part, To the same tune.

**T**wo Beares toot pig fashion sent to his the  
And a black swan sent by a fish in a dish,  
With a Lobster fried in steaks: take my leave,  
I know not well whether it was flesh or fish,  
Two Cockatrices, and three Babones boys,  
Two dry Salamanders, a very strange sight,  
A Hoole of a Whale soundly butter'd and oyl'd,  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

A good dish of Podicums, I know not what,  
In Barbary Vinegar boyld very soft,  
I mus'd how my Hostis became so huge fat,  
I find tis with eating these Podicums oft:  
A Grosse of Canary birds roasted alive,  
That out of the dishes (so spaz) took their flight,  
And every one present to catch them did strive:  
This was our rare Supper on Saturday night.

A Hoole of Red-herrings with bolls 'bout their neckes,  
Which made such rare sport that I never saw such,  
They leaped and danced with other fish tricks,  
A man may admire how they could doe so much.  
Two Porpoises parboild in Bay-beew and Roes,  
That unto the smell yielded so much delight  
(fearing to lose them) laid down on their noses,  
All this was at Supper on Saturday night.

Three dozen of Welsh Embassadors bak't,  
Which made such a noise it was heard through y<sup>e</sup> town  
Some hearing the echo their foreheads to ak't,  
That many a smile was overcome with a frowne:  
A dish of Montoos, or fish that can die,  
That out of the Indies came hither by sight,  
To close up our stomacks, a Chibiron Pye  
Was had to our Supper on Saturday night.

But what cometh after must not be forgotten,  
The fruit and the Cheese as they follow by course,  
A West-Indian Cheese (not a bit of it rotten,  
Which made of no moyle then the milke of a Horse)  
A dish of Wine-apples, two bushels at least,  
An hundred of Cokernuts for our delight.  
The world may admire at this wonderfull feast,  
Which we had at Supper on Saturday night.

Six pumpkins cabled with exquisite Art,  
To please the palate of every one there.  
When we at the last had a great Cabbage Cart;  
Thus have I cravely described our Cheer:  
What all this amounted to, I cannot tell,  
It cost me nought nothing, no faith not a mite,  
The spasser a th<sup>d</sup> feast (whom I know very well)  
Did pay for this Supper on Saturday night.

Went every one home as his way did direct;  
And I for my part on the morning betimes,  
Had a Breakfast prepar'd, which I did not expect:  
My wife, because she was not bidden to Supper,  
(It seems by the story) she bare me a spite:  
The Breakfast she gave me, to you I will tell,  
It passed our Supper on Saturday night.

Sunday morning Breakfast.

**F**irst had I a dish of spandering breath,  
So scolding hot that I could not abide it,  
But I like a patient man (though I was loath)  
Went straight on all down, cause my wife did provide it,  
A many small Reasons she put in the same,  
Her self yielded Pepper that kindly did bite:  
I thought I here's a Breakfast, I thank my good dame,  
That passed our Supper on Saturday night.

A great Carpe Pye, and a dish of sad pouts,  
With Crocodile Vinegar, sauce very tart,  
Which he then last night took among thy sound fronts,  
Now fall to thy Breakfast, and comfort thy heart:  
Then had I a Cup full of Rant Antinomous Ware,  
It seems that in Whyshe he has good insight,  
Which shew'd me the difference 'twixt the homely chere  
And our dainty Supper on Saturday night.

Monday Dinner.

**O**n this joyr fare all that day I did feed,  
And on Sunday morning on purpose to win her,  
I went and got money to furnish her need,  
And now you shall hear what I had to my Dinner:  
A Pye made of Cornes, with Ducks and Pigs eye,  
With a deale of sweet Pye my taste to delight:  
With sweet Lamb and Chicken my mind to suffice,  
These passed my Supper on Saturday night.

Another Pye made with a many wheepes eyes,  
With sweet Sugar Candy that pleased my pallet,  
These sensall Banquets my Wife did advise,  
And with her assistance I made this mad Ballet.  
There's no man that's wife will my paines represent  
For most married men will confesse I say right;  
Yet on no occasion this Distie was pens,  
But to shew our rare Supper on Saturday night.

FINIS.

M. P.

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